A Strange Banquet; Or,

The Devils Entertainment by Cook Laurel *at the* Peak *in* Devonshire, *with a true Relation of the severall Dishes.* *The Tune is,* *Cook Laurel.*

COok Laurel would have the Devil his guest,
And bid him home to Peak to dinner,
Where Fiend had never such a feast
Prepared at the charge of a sinner.
With a hey down down a down down.

His stomach was quesie he came thither coacht,
The joggings had caused his cruets to rise,
To help which he cal'd for a Puritan Poarcht,
That used to turn up the white of his eyes.
With a hey, &c.

And so he recovered unto his wish,
He sate him down and began to eat:
A Promooter in Plumb-broth was the first dish,
His own privy Kitchin had no such meat,
With a hey, &c.

Yet though with this he much was taken
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher,
As soon as he spied the Bawd and Bacon,
By which you may know the Devils a wencher.
With a hey, &c.

Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
With Semsters and tire-women fit for his pallet
With Feathermen and Perfumers put,
Some twelve in a charger to make a grand sallet
With a hey, &c.

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his marrow,
With him a Lawyers head and green sawce,
All which his belly took like a barrel,
As though till then he had never seen sawce.
With a hey, &c.

Then carbonado'd and cookt with pains,
Why brought up a Cloven Serjeants face,
The sawce was made of a Yeomans brains
That had been beaten out with his Mace.
With a hey, &c.

Two roasted Sheriffs came whole to the board,
The least had nothing been without them,
Both living and dead were lored and fur'd,
And their chains like sausages hung about them
With a hey down down a down down.

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THe next dish was the Mayor of the town,
With a pudding of maintainance put in his belly
Like a Goose in her feathers in his gown,
With a couple of Hinch-boys boyl'd to a jelly.
With a hey, &c.

Next came the overworn Justice of Peace,
With Clerks like gizzards stuck under each arm
And warrants like Sippits lay in his own grease
Set over a Chafing-dish to be kept warm.
With a hey, &c.

A London Cuckold came hot from the spit
And when the Carver had broken him open,
The Devil chopt his head off at a bit,
But the horns had almost like to choak him.
With a hey, &c.

A fair large Patty of a Midwife hot,
And for cold bak'd meat in this story,
A reverend painted Lady was brought
Long coffin'd in crust till now she's grown hoary
With a hey, &c.

The loins of a Letcher then was roasted,
With a plumb Harlots head and Garlick,
With a Pandors Petti-toes that had boasted,
Himself for a Captain that never was warlick.
With a hey, &c.

Then boiled and stuck upon a prick,
The Gizzard was brought of a holy sitter,
That bit made the Devil almost so sick,
That the Doctor did think he had need of a glister.
With a hey, &c.

The Jowl of a Taylor served for a Fish,
A Constable sowred pilled Vinegar by,
Two Aldermen Lobsters laid in a dish,
A deputy Tart and a Church-warden Pye.
With a hey, &c.

All which devoured, then for a close
He did for a draught of Derby call,
He heaved the vessel up to his nose,
And never left till he had drank up all,
With a hey, &c.

Then from the Table he gave a start,
Where banquet and wine was not to seek,
All which he blew away with a fart,
From whence it is cal'd the devils arse a Peak.
With a hey down down a down down.

FINIS.

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